

Couldn't Help It

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by [SweetBagel](#)

Summary

Maybe being roommates was a bad idea. Sanemi had never been strict and old-fashioned when it came to things, so he thought having an Omega roommate would be perfectly fine. He thought both would be great at controlling themselves and keeping away when one of them was in their cycle. But for the first time, when he can't go to any friend's houses during his rut, he finds it a terrible idea to have a roommate like Giyuu.

Notes

Surprise! Sometimes I like omegaverse. Shocker, if you ask me. If you're a freak too then enjoy ͇_(`ʘ)_/

Sanemi fucking hated his ruts. Besides the fact that he hadn't had a good fuck for a long time, it just plain sucked. Now, he didn't know *why* he refused to have some non-committal sex so his ruts weren't so agonizing, but his mind told him the reason wore blue eyes. Then again, Sanemi never liked his own mind, so that voice was ignored for a long time.

This time, it was even worse. Sanemi had texted anyone he thought he could stay with, as per usual when he felt the itching feeling creeping closer. He would always leave for a week or two while he was in his cycle or when Giyuu was in heat, even though Giyuu always said he could be the one to leave. Sanemi just felt it was easier and he didn't want to kick Giyuu out of their house during his time. Now that he couldn't leave, everything felt wrong.

It was a blessing he hadn't done some stupid to ruin his relationship with Giyuu yet. With how much Giyuu's delectable scent would settle him down after a hard day, the way it coated anything Giyuu had regular contact with as if his pheromones were designed to stick to all items and people. Oh god, did Giyuu's scent stay on Sanemi sometimes; if they'd been really close on the couch the night before, Sanemi would realize his shirt smelled faintly like the omega the next day. Giyuu's favorite couch blanket, the towels, anything. That was only another reason Sanemi would be in his room all of his rut. The house would drive him mad.

"Hey, I need to tell you something." He started as Giyuu sat on the couch.

"Yes?"

"I'm.. um, I'm definitely going into rut soon. Probably like, a few days. But I don't have anywhere to go this time. Iguro is out of town, and everyone else has some stupid shit going on. I'll have to stay here."

Giyuu looked up from his phone, taking in the information before humming, "Oh. That's fine. Would you rather me leave for a little then?"

"No, no! Only if you need to, I understand. But if you're comfortable staying then I do feel confident in my control." He flipped through the channels on the TV to avoid looking at Giyuu. This felt just a little too embarrassing for eye contact. "It's never been an issue before," he assured.

Giyuu gave him a small smile. "Ok then. Will you just be in your room?"

"Yeah. Lucky I got the one with the bathroom," he snorted. After all the confidence building it took to tell Giyuu the impending situation, the omega was calm and casual as ever. So Sanemi acted as if he were the same. The plan was to stay in his room the entire time. He wouldn't be in Giyuu's way at all. Simple.

"What about food? Can I set some things by the door?"

"Nah. I'll just stuff the mini fridge with shit. I don't want to make any risky moves."

"But you won't get good nutrition from just snacking. At least a meal a day?" Giyuu pleaded. Sanemi groaned at the persistence of his friend, wiping his hand down his face dramatically. He mumbled an agreement and went back to looking for one of their nightly shows.

It was hard to ignore the fact that Giyuu sat so close to him; so much so that their arms would touch if he didn't have them resting on his lap. It was difficult enough to not jump Giyuu's bones with no internal need at all sometimes, so rut was going to be *hell*. Still, Sanemi had it under control. He always did.

The first official day of his rut, Sanemi woke up and instantly locked his door, sliding his hand down to his cock the second he flopped back on the bed. It had been only one week prior when he fully admitted his *small* crush on his roommate to himself, which was ridiculous considering he'd been jacking off to imaginations of him for a month. By now Sanemi had a collection of fine scenarios to play out.

He didn't appreciate his admiration of Giyuu, hell that was why he hadn't made a move yet. How could Sanemi be so stupid as to promise it was fine to just share a living space with an omega without being weird about it, only to start being weird about it?! Did the omega he lived with just have to be overly aloof, cute, witty, and all of what had the alpha hooked instantly?

Still, he couldn't just *starve* himself and resist the urges to spiral into images of Giyuu under him with Sanemi's fingers between his lips. Or in front of the alpha, spreading his ass and looking back so invitingly. There was a good line that he stayed on one side of: Giyuu was off limits to save Sanemi's ego and make sure he doesn't ruin anything, but Sanemi was allowed to dream. He used these as his hand ran just under his tip, then down a prominent vein, making him groan into his pillow.

He at least had the mind to save Giyuu from hearing him. He'd have to muffle any noises, keep the door locked, and make sure he doesn't even come close to getting a whiff of Giyuu's scent.

He was caught up in his imagination; Giyuu bouncing on his lap as Sanemi's cock slid in and out of his opening, having moans punched out of him for Sanemi to eat up. He would love to just sit back and enjoy his fun, but eventually he'd need to take control and grab Giyuu's hips like an animal. He'd move between pounding up and rolling his lips lazily into Giyuu, grabbing his ass lewdly. It was a little easier to feel satisfied when Sanemi had the pretend touch of the omega.

He was lucky to finish just as the sound of knocking made him jump, Giyuu's even, quiet voice coming from the other side, "Your food is out here." His voice was like sugar, it was sweet and addictive in Sanemi's moment of weakness and it hurt to know that he just can't indulge in more of it. He waited to hear Giyuu's own door close before grabbing the plate of food. Maybe he was thinking way too much into it, but deep down he knew it was intentional; his plate was perfectly organized for a rut- tons of meat and protein, necessary energizers, things Sanemi loved, and a little fucking treat. Ohagi. Giyuu was killing him.

He groaned in agony. It would ruin all his previous effort if he asked Giyuu to help him out, to confess that he did indeed want the omega he lived with. Yet, it hurt like hell. He'd been pretty mean to Giyuu in the first few weeks to somehow show just how against societal concepts he really was, but then they became friends, and now he *wanted* him. He even felt like he *needed* him when the desire really got bad.

Day one went without incidents, just not without suffering. Day two started fine, until Sanemi smelled Giyuu near his door.

He'd crawled to it in a fit of mental need, somehow thinking it would be any better to fuck his fist closest to Giyuu as possible. He'd just finished a minute ago when his food was dropped off.

"I made your meal, Sanemi. Hope you're doing well." God his voice. It was honey, it was water, it was velvet and beauty. It sent ice through Sanemi's blood. To top it off Sanemi's heightened senses reveled in the smell of sea salt, cinnamon, and vanilla. Giyuu's scent always changed of course, but like everyone he consistently had those signature parts that made him heavenly.

It made Sanemi hard once again. His food was cold by the time he finally opened the door to grab it.

The next day, Giyuu walked over to see a sloppy note written with the most strength Sanemi could muster. 'Thank you for food. But I can't handle you. Don't come close to the door. Please.' The desperation was clear enough, Sanemi hoped.

"Sanemi," he called, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but-"

"-No! Nope! Get far. Don't want you close," Sanemi yelped. He watched the shadows under the door. He couldn't handle Giyuu. He really couldn't. The omega needed to give him a *break*.

"My apologies," he said. It sounded shaky, odd. Sanemi wanted to fling the door open and grab him, hug him close at very least, fuck him until he's babbling nonsense at most, but Giyuu walked away.

It was day four when Sanemi finally had a solid hour of feeling alright, after a particularly good orgasm. He knew he wouldn't have very long to feel normal, so he took charge while he could. It was around Giyuu's afternoon nap time so that wouldn't be an issue either. He decided stepping out and getting a glass of water would suffice, it was the only thing he could do quickly to get out of his room before he went stir crazy.

The second his feet hit the wood flooring his attention was drawn to Giyuu's almost closed door. He heard it. The sound of panting. Sanemi knew, he knew he didn't have as much control as he thought because he instantly went closer for a good listen.

At first he thought it was just his mind wanting to hear it like *that*, but it was unmistakable when he got closer. Giyuu's breaths were heavy, yet oh so hushed. He smelled slick, and Giyuu's scent was stronger than normal.

And then Giyuu uttered his name. "S-Sanemi." He made a small moan then, and it sent the alpha outside his door into a frenzy.

He lightly hit the door open. The sight was nothing short of expected: The omega was splayed out on his bed, one hand around his dick and the other pumping three fingers in his ass.

"Giyuu...what.." he trailed off, walking to Giyuu's bed in a trance, like he was zombified, only able to chase one singular thing.

Giyuu gasped and shot up. His mouth hung open in wordless concern, but he didn't look scared because Sanemi was approaching him in a rut, he looked worried he'd been caught doing something Sanemi wouldn't like.

"I'm sorr-"

"Did you moan my name?" Sanemi's voice was low and trembly. He leaned over the bed, fists holding him up as his face leaned towards Giyuu's.

"I was just... You're in rut."

"Uh, thanks, I fuckin' noticed," he rasped. Sanemi's eyes closed and he grunted, pressing his forehead to Giyuu's just to feel his breath as he spoke. He was slipping back into his haze.

"Your rut.... It set me off a little bit. I could...hear you sometimes. And when you spoke to me for the first time in days it *really* got to me, I- I sound so stupid I'm—" Sanemi grabbed the back of Giyuu's neck, bringing their lips together in a sloppy meeting but not quite a kiss. He got it, and even if he didn't, he just wanted Giyuu. No explanation needed.

"Shut it, damn. It's alright, it's alright. Can we fuck- can I fuck you, Giyuu, please. You don't gotta apologize, I need you."

Giyuu's eyes widened. He was breathing heavily, both from how his heart currently pounded and the pleasure he was feeling just moments prior. His head was opporating under the desire that Sanemi's condition put him in.

He hummed in approval without thought, slotting his lips with Sanemi's.

"Giyuu-"

"Yes, yes you can. Please, please."

Giyuu felt light scratches at his scalp and Sanemi licked into the seam of his lips. They groaned in tandem as their tongues melted together and tasted each other's mouths.

"This is all I've needed for so long," Sanemi muttered, "I need you."

"Mhm, you can have me. Let me help you through this."

Sanemi disconnected their lips so he could look down at Giyuu's naked body. It was everything he'd hoped for, a sight he wanted to see forever. Sanemi ran his hands down the toned stomach, watching Giyuu shudder when he got close to his erection.

The anticipatory moment only lasted a few seconds before he was diving back in and pushing the omega on his back. As much as Sanemi wanted to take this slow and cherish his first time with Giyuu, this was still a rut. His counterpart seemed to think the same way.

Giyuu explored the man above him as well; Sanemi was only wearing boxers and a tank top, his strong shape perfectly outlined by the minimal clothing. He grabbed him by the shirt, hearing a few pops of the seams and began rutting up against him. Sanemi pressed his hips further down, creating heavy friction for him and Giyuu.

As soon as Sanemi moved his head to the Omega's neck in craving, it flooded his senses with euphoria and the need to claim Giyuu, but he knew damn well he couldn't fully do that. It was a lot of responsibility, and Giyuu didn't even mention wanting to be *mates*. For now this was just sex, he shouldn't even think about mating Giyuu to him. Still, Sanemi pretended as if he were about to claim the beautiful human below him, letting his mind take the backseat as he grabbed Giyuu's waist to grind harder and made sure their scent bathed them both.

It already smelled like sex in the room, a mix of deep muskiness from pheromones and the sweet tang of slick.

Giyuu made breathy moans in Sanemi's ear, grabbing at his shoulders and wrapping his legs around him. The fabric of Sanemi's boxers felt a bit rough on the omega's aching cock which made him whimper.

When they were done scenting each other, Sanemi tugged his boxers off, not even bothering with his shirt in his rush. He moved down to Giyuu's ass, only remembering the reason they were like this in the first place when his fingers slid in easily. Giyuu exhaled when Sanemi pulled all three fingers out again. It really was all slick, not a scent or feel of artificial lube anywhere.

"God, you're so desperate for me. Can't believe you got all worked up from *my* rut," Sanemi mumbled as he moved behind Giyuu on his side.

"Mm. You always effect me. Fuck me, please Sanemi."

Sanemi wrapped an arm around his waist and aligned himself with Giyuu's sopping hole. Giyuu almost thought he was going to get teased with the slight hesitation, but that thought was soon completely shot out of him as he was filled in an instant. Sanemi didn't wait a

second to start pounding into him savagely. His lust clouded mind just wanted to cum inside the pliant form in front of him, to make his omega cry in satisfaction.

He held Giyuu right against him with one arm under his body and the other holding his thigh up. Giyuu whined at the feeling of a heavy cock filling him up nonstop. He gushed around Sanemi, feeling completely at his mercy.

Ravishing. That was exactly how Giyuu looked. His mouth was open for loud moans to be choked out, face and neck flushed the darkest shade of pink. He was so relaxed against Sanemi, his warmth swallowing his dick hungrily.

"You've wanted this so fucking bad," Sanemi rasped. "How did I never even realize."

Giyuu tried to respond but could only yelp around when his G-spot was hit directly. Found it. Sanemi moved around so he'd be getting it every thrust. The feeling of his tip prodding right at Giyuu's spot made him moan as well. He wanted Giyuu to feel *good*, to feel like nobody else could ever match Sanemi's affect on him.

Sanemi moved his arm from Giyuu's waist to over his chest as his hand wrapped around Giyuu's neck. He didn't squeeze, didn't want to cut off air, he just wanted to hold him. Sanemi was addicted to how good it felt to have hold of a vulnerable part of an omega, and be able to push Giyuu's head back so it rested on his shoulder.

As soon as he could spill his seed in Giyuu he'd want to try something else. Sanemi wanted to go slower, to see what it'd be like to roll into his omega romantically, but he couldn't do it right now. Holding him to pound his brains out was the only thing his body could do.

He didn't even realize how close Giyuu was getting; as soon as Sanemi pinched the skin of his thigh, he was cumming. Giyuu clenched around him, clinging onto Sanemi's arms desperately.

Sanemi felt the click of his brain, the moment he slipped too far.

And then he bit Giyuu's shoulder from behind, sinking his teeth in the hot flesh. If only Giyuu's cries didn't sound so pleased, then Sanemi would have a little more will to pull himself away, but Giyuu screamed in ecstasy not horror.

He whimpered when his alpha came, pulling Giyuu against him subconsciously to make sure every drop buried itself in Giyuu's belly. There was blood from the puncture wounds of Sanemi's bite that stained the bedsheets and skin, yet not nearly as much as it stained Sanemi's face. He continued to give Giyuu licks and kisses as they came down from their high, neither of their minds completely level yet.

"M' sorry, baby," Sanemi mumbled into Giyuu's nape. He felt his knot swelling and the way Giyuu pushed down on him subconsciously. He wrapped his arms around his now mate, though the reality of what he just did hadn't 100 percent set it.

Soon there was a small rumbling sound from deep in Giyuu's chest, building up to get louder as he rubbed his face back against Sanemi's the best he could, eyes closed peacefully. He

didn't seem to mind the mating mark making itself ingrained on his shoulder, clearly he had the opposite of dislike for it.

Everything was so dreamy and simultaneously so real for Sanemi. There was a weight that settled itself in his heart and head from being mated to Giyuu, the bond warmed him up. Wherever his skin was in contact with his mate's, it felt electric, so he clung to Giyuu, hands splayed out where they rested to cover as much skin as possible.

He felt like everything when it came to Giyuu had become more sensitive: his taste was even more addictive, his scent relaxing and enveloping, and the sound of his purrs was pure bliss to be near. Sanemi had held feelings for Giyuu for a while, with the way he would quietly listen to Sanemi rant without being asked, how he told Sanemi over and over to not overwork himself with his job or in the gym or in life. Everything Giyuu did had led up to Sanemi needing to keep him.

"Your mine now Giyuu," he said. His mind was still muddy, but he felt more lucid than a minute ago since the tingling from their mating bond had calmed down. "I'll always keep you safe and happy I promise."

"You're mine?"

"Of course. Always."

They continued to hold each other and fuck throughout the day as Sanemi's rut was getting quelled. He felt more elated than ever with the most perfect mate to help him through it.

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